

AT EASTER TIME.

Brown fields, bare trees, bare weeds and grass.
Chill winds and lowering skies;
But o'er the hills of purple gray,
South forest boughs in moss-lined way,
A gentler presence seems to stray,
And straying, wistful, sighs;
O and earth, wake, your sleep is long,
We weary for the wild bird's song
And summer's wealth of bloom.
With cold hands laid on pulseless breasts
And lips whose raindrops chill,
We hide our loved ones from our sight
And mourn our morning turned to night;
They heedless lie nor know the blight
That all our gladness kills.
Vain on the damp cold earth to fall,
No echo of our anguish call
Disturbs their marble sleep.
Yet grasses spring 'neath April's feet
And sweet, pale flowers will bloom;
To naked branches of the trees
Soft tresses of the sun-kissed breeze
Will bring new life, till even these,
Dropping their purple gloom,
Shall find the gold-green robes of spring
And all the free, glad air will ring
With rhythmic song of birds.
Each year from off her wondrous brook,
Nature throws back the clasp;
Yet far-dimmed eyes we close to read,
The lesson she would have us heed,
Of life in bud and blossom freed
From winter's chilling grasp.
Why doubt the resurrection power
When life is springing every hour
From out the arms of death?
No atom dropped from out her hands,
By wild winds heedless blown,
But sought anew, new will live,
Is God less careful to revive
The life that we from him receive?
Will He not find his own?
Love waketh up and down the earth
Living, unending in his birth,
Surviving human death.
—Anna E. Culver.

EASTER AT GUGGINS' CAMP.



ROM Fort X to Willow Creek was fifteen miles; so said the map at the adjacent. From Willow Creek to Guggins' Camp was twenty miles, as the crow flies. At one end of the line were gay women and gallant men, soft speech and gentle courtesies of well-bred people.

Brightness and beauty moved to the strains of military music and the jingle of accoutrements. Easter was near at hand and great preparations were being made for the post-Lenten hop.

At the other end of the trail, the further end, up in the mountains, an outpost was dying. Alone? She might better have been, her sister at the fort would have said. She was simply Meg. Poor Meg turned her face to the wall and wept in secret, remembering that Easter was at hand.

The cabin at Guggins' had two rooms. There was the common quarters of the men and near at hand a poor makeshift of a chamber for the sick girl. Though the boys worked hard all day at the claim, Mike found a chance to run over now and then just to see that Meg was all right. Dummy Mike idolized Meg.

To make it more cheerful and homelike, when evening came the boys gathered in the

ingly said, and Dummy waved his hand in reply.
Four hours later Mike appeared at the post. The post-trader knew him well. But he grinned and looked at Mike as though he had heard a great joke when the latter stammered his commission.
"Fraid they ain't in my line, Dummy."

"What's the matter with gettin' them at the fort. I'd do it myself if I had your pull."
Mike pulled out a bag of "dust" and held it before the other.
Simpson said "All right," and went out. In half an hour he had returned with a package that he transferred to Mike for the dust. Ten minutes later Mike had turned Claybank up the trail toward Willow Creek.

The sun was well down the west when Claybank jogged into Roylston's. Mike shouted, but hearing no answer, dismounted and turned toward the hut. There was blood on the ground and a man's hat lay near a place where moon-shined feet had trampled the ground. Dashing to the door, he found Roylston in his own room, dead, and mutilated.

In a moment he saw the whole truth. The savages had refrained from firing the cabin because it was in view from the fort. Smoke would draw a troop down on them. He knew, too, that he must have been noticed and that the trail to the camp was well guarded. Had they attacked the camp? His heart stood still as he asked the question.

How could he warn them and signal the fort for aid? Mike could think faster than he could talk. In five minutes he had a fire blazing under the hut—a fire that sent up a black cloud of smoke. He knew that he had not done this thing unreason, and must not linger. He threw

"Easter will be here in two days, boys." The "boys" turned around in amazement. Was Meg's mind wandering?
Easter. Why they hardly knew when Sunday came and never observed it, except, perhaps, by lying abed a little longer in the morning and giving the frying pan an extra load of responsibility.

"I wish I could have some music just once more and see some flowers." Very common clay was Meg; yet she loved music, loved flowers, and pined for them in that rude camp.

"What's up, Meg?" asked Jimmy. "What put Easter into your head?" She held up an almanac, sole literary treasure of the cabin. It had been packed over with supplies from the station.

"I see it's the day after to-morrow, and I thought—I thought I'd like to hear some music and see some flowers once more before—before—"

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SIGNS OF EASTER.



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BATTLE WITH A COUGAR.

Thrilling Experience of a Great Northern Engineer.

To battle with a huge mountain lion, seven feet in length and 253 pounds in weight, on a trestle at night, is the thrilling experience that recently befell Edward C. Depew, an engineer on the Great Northern Railroad. The great beast leaped at the engine, and narrowly escaped crashing through the window of the cab. Altogether the episode was one of the most exciting that a railroad man has ever experienced.

Mr. Depew, in relating his adventure, said: "After we had left Lowell, Wash., and almost two miles east of there, about half way across a long trestle, my fireman, George Lawrence, jumped down off his box seat and came quickly to my side of the engine. All he could do was to glare through the window of the cab and point ahead. A cold perspiration broke out on my brow. I looked ahead and saw, through the darkness, some black-looking object on the track. As soon as I saw the obstruction on the track I felt that a possible accident was at hand. Nothing could be done. We were too close to the danger. Instinctively I crawled out of the cab on to the side of the engine. The train dashed on, and an instant after I had discerned the form I saw the monster's eyes flashing through the darkness, green and yellow by turns. Lawrence was still in the cab, speechless.

As the train approached the lion I could see it prepare to spring, and finally when the leap was made the situation was so dramatic as to be almost theatrical in effect. The headlight of the engine threw its rays on the crouching animal, and when it plunged into the flood of light it looked as if its mission of death would surely be successful. The force of the jump was astonishing, and as the body of the beast crashed into the edge of the engine front the sound echoed through the silence again and again. To jump then was certain death, for we were right in the center of the trestle, and yet, as

the lion made its leap I could almost feel its hot breath on my throat. When the engine crashed into the beast, or it crashed into the engine, whichever way you wish to put it, the lion fell back on to the trestle with a frightful agony, and then, for the first time, I realized that the danger was over.

"I learned afterward, that the cougar, after we had struck it, lodged on the cross-ties of the trestle. It was found there by the train crew of Engine No. 408, who picked it up and brought it to Skykomish. There it was skinned. The claws were taken by some of the other firemen and engineers, who had watch charms made of them. The beast was still alive when the men discovered it."

Vast Engineering Work in India. The triumphs of modern engineers over natural obstacles know no limit. The latest achievement which has been brought into public notice is the diversion of the river Periyar from its natural outlet in the Indian ocean to the bed of the Vaigai, which flows eastward into the Bay of Bengal.

The district round Madras, in the Madras presidency, had long suffered from want of water for irrigation, and it was decided some few years ago to relieve it in the manner described. The work involved the construction of an enormous dam, 178 feet in height, impounding the waters of the Periyar, and forming a lake which, when at its highest level, will have an area of 7,454 acres, or nearly twelve square miles.

An open cutting over a mile in length and twenty-one feet wide, followed by a tunnel of about the same length and with a sectional area of ninety square feet, conveys the stream across the watershed to the Vaigai. Eighty miles lower down it is distributed by artificial canals in the Madras district.

To provide for floods, which at times are very severe, an overflow "saddle" has been provided in the watershed separating the two districts, so that when the level rises thirty-one feet above the cutting it shall escape by this means. The difficulty of the work may be imagined when it is stated that it was carried on in an uninhabited jungle, twenty miles from the nearest cultivated land and eighty miles from a railway station, and that, owing to the unhealthiness of the climate at certain seasons and the prevalence of floods, the engineers could only work for three months of the year.

A Nose Party. A nose party is the latest. It came off in Buckport, Me., the other evening, and is thus described by a participant: Holes were made in a sheet large enough to admit a good-sized nose. Half of the party got behind it, and for a moment or two there was a wide variety of assortment of proboscides on exhibition, ranging from the turn-up pug to the needle-pointed creation selected noses, each choosing the particular nose that suited his ideas, and the owner thereof was his partner for the evening. It was a solemn occasion.

A Good Trait. "I dunno as the prodigal son was so very bad, after all," said Mrs. Corntassel. "He wa'n't no good to his family," her husband rejoined.

"That's a fact. But when he got home he didn't hev no more ter say. Ef he'd been like most o' the men folks nowadays the fust thing he'd of done would of been to find fault with the way the fatted calf was cooked."

Washington Star.

PRETTY EASTER GIFTS.

Two Dainty and Useful Articles Appropriate for the Season.

This pretty little basket for keeping boiled eggs hot while breakfast waits for laggards is either round or oval, made of some pretty fancy straw. If it has a handle, so much the better, if not, one could be manufactured of a piece of whalebone and wound around either with ribbon or narrow strips of felt. If the handle cannot be conveniently manufactured, sub-

stitute a rosette of ribbon, which will ornament the felt cover. This may be of two colors, white and yellow, with some little device painted or embroidered, or may be of one piece. The edges should be pinked in a small scallop or finished with buttonhole stitches half an inch long and quarter of an inch apart. Asiatic rope silk or the heavy linen threads used for embroidery are most effective for this purpose.

Gifts of flowers are so specially appropriate to the Easter season that the accompanying design of a little vase to hold them, made of an eggshell, and thus adding the Easter symbol to the fragrant remembrance, may be welcome to many readers. The top of the eggshell is irregularly broken, three white beans are gummed upon the other end and serve for feet. The whole is then coated with gilt paint and decorated with a tiny landscape painted in oil colors. Those who have not skill to do this or who consider it scarcely worth while to put so much labor on so fragile an article will find the effect very pretty, if the gold paint is used simply to gild the bean feet. To border the broken top of the shell, and here and there to place a dash on the white surface, thus giving the Easter colors. Or the word "Easter" could be written with the gold paint diagonally across the shell. Filled with a bunch of violets, this would be a dainty present for Easter morning.

Easter Lilies. Perhaps we cannot spend Easter Sunday better than in longing for its power, the power of His resurrection, for which Paul prayed and which he received. What a power Christ's resurrection was in the soul of Paul! It gave him triumph in tribulation. In weakness it made him strong. It made him the noted missionary of the Christian world, eager, enthusiastic, confident, triumphant. Through Christ he could do all things. Where is the power of Christ's resurrection in us? Where is our victory? Where is our mission? What depths of sin are we reaching and cleansing?

Oh, for more Easter lilies, flowers of white peace and fragrant purity, to be named, not in snowy banks within Gothic walls before consecrated altars, but to be scattered from full hands on bare streets, before dens of vice, in halls where men devise treason against society, in council chambers where promoters plot war! Come out of the church, ye lilies, and ye priests and ye people! Go to the drunkard, the nihilist, the pauper, the millionaire, and tell them of Him who died, who rose again, whose right it is to reign, and whose reign shall bring peace and bliss!

Glorious Easter Morn. Easter Day means peace toward heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom like the rose; braid them into the mane of the war charger as he comes back. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate to-day implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections. Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of international good-will. Resurrection

of the lower part is yellow, pinked at the bottom, the upper, of white, is more irregularly cut to represent a broken eggshell. A chicken part way out of the shell, or any other appropriate device may be substituted for the hare, by way of variety, if a number are to be made. On the top is a box of narrow ribbon, with one loop left longer. If the maker has not time or skill to paint the cox, it will be very pretty in yellow and white—the Easter colors, or a chicken or egg could be cut out of yellow felt and buttonholed on.

The second, in chicken shape, is a little more difficult. This is cut from two pieces of yellow or white felt four inches high and three and a quarter inches wide, the eye, beak, etc., being painted.

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